More Than 400,000 Pounds Gath ered Annually in America For Export-Its High Price-Where It Is Found.

One of the mysteries in the world of commerce is ginseng. If you speak to an ordinary man about ginsong, he will ask you what you mean. If you tell him ginseng is an article of commerce in which a traffic of about a million dollars a year is done by Americans, he will stare at you. If you tell him that it has been in certain places of the world worth its weight in gold, he will probably state harder. If in addition to this you tell him that it is a vast humbug, and that it is a very ordinary root of an American shrub, almost without a particle of any but imaginary value, he will concede that it is a strange article for traffic. Finally, when he learns that the populace of wast nation, high and low, consider it a cure-all, and that it enters into every medicine for every ailment in that nation, e will only understand the matter when learns that it is the eccentric Chinese thom this in reality unimportant root

-China, if a man has a headache, eng is the prescription. If his trouble is toothache, ginseng is the same remedy again. For all ills, from de-pression of spirits to a sore toe, ginseng

s the universal remedy.

Physicians and authorities of the civilworld give the assurance that in medicinal properties the root is almost inert-at the most, contains to a very mild extent tonic properties. None but he singular and rice-enting Celestial can eel any effects from the use of it; but mong the Chinamen of this country is almost no consumption. The root is bought here by resident Chinamen for home export. They do not use it hemselves, however, and inquiry from these Celestial worthics has seldom brought out any satisfactory statements

as to what ginseng is good for. The belief among the home Chinese is mostly superstition. It is a sort of fetich, its powers are supposed to be occult, of the nature of magic.

In China the belief is still implicit, and

besides the vast amount grown in that country, it receives all that America can supply, which is on the average 425,000 pounds a year.

The American wholesale price is now \$2.25 a pound. The article is sent mostly in a crude state, but carefully cleaned A process of heat clarifies it to a hard substance, with a pithy-like, petrified jelly. It is used there as a table delicacy by the rich.

Ginseng in China is a Government monopoly, and Prof. Lockhart, of London, is the authority for the statement that it is sold to privileged dea ers by the Imperial Government of China, at its weight in gold. This is denied by some American dealers. But the value is still high. The root is very light and the \$2.25 a pound, its wholesale price here, is enormous.

There are certain single roots, especially of certain shapes, very rare, which bring from \$25 to \$400, and are only possessed by the wealthy classmandarins and others.

And vet the wholesale price here is slowly but always steadily rising, and the ridiculous fact is before us that the price of this futile drug, used by nobody in this country, will in time become greater than that of opium itself, as the gradual but sure process of its extermination in merica continues. The amount is limited by the fact that it can not be cultivated-only the wild kind is of commercial use, and this is becoming scarcer

What, then, is ginseng? Ginseng is the root of a shrub which has flourished for ages in China. It is called in botany, aralia quinquefolium, quinquefolium meaning tive-leaved, and its five-leaved twigs branch off, to the number of three, from a smooth, round stem about a foot

It happened that in 1709 a priest, one Father F. Fastoux, was diligently employed in making a map of Tartary. During this labor he saw the plant growing in this mystic land, four leagues away from the kingdom of Corea, in the spot where a Tartar village lay.

The Tartars were full of the praise of the fabulous ginseng and its wonderful powers, Father Fastoux becoming an enthusiast also. He had missionary When the "poor player" was brought up friends on the other side of the world, in he confessed that he was a ventriloquist, Canada. To these the priest sent some but protested that he did not offer to of the root and an extollment of its prop-sell his dog. On the contrary, the landerties as a cure for all human ills. Back lord insisted on buying it, and, without in due time came the reply that the same any incitement to do so, went up quickly a police raid. The property clerk's room root was well known to the Canada in his bids from two hundred francs to at police headquarters in this city is full priests and in full use by the Indians.
The American ginseng perhaps differs refreshment which had been given to as well as opium layouts and other apslightly from the Chinese, for there are man and beast. The case was dismissed. five or six varieties of the root, but it possesses all the external attributes of the celestial variety. The ginseng was sent at that time to Europe, and was then first introduced to the civilized world. Even at that date, in the last century. European savans rudely shattered the illu- 80,000 jinrikishas plying in the streets of

farms of the Northwest and Northeast. bad indeed when so many persons de-As cultivation ruins its flavor, it cannot voted themselves to such a low and painbe made a regular industry, either in ful manner of carning a living. Now, the growth or collection. In 1860 its price total number of jinrikishas in the metropowas about 25 cents per pound. In 1865 lis is only 30,744, of which 7,213 are it had risen to 60 cents a pound. Its single vehicles and 23,531 are double. export now is 375,000 pounds. The big- And what do the statisticians tell us? get yield of all was in 1861, when the Why, that this marked diminution is to export almost doubled; 1860 had seen a be attributed to trade depression; that ginseng-collecting craze, like a gold fever, there are fewer people who can afford to their homes, camped for weeks in the them about. Whichever view be corhills, raised the export of ginseng to rect, there is one thing that seems to 633,000 pounds, the highest export ever have been omitted from the calculation, made, and rooted out the plant so that namely, the effe t of tram cars and river it has been scarce ever since. At present steamers. Both of these methods of the best regions for it are New York, locomotion are largely patronized now-Pennsylvania and Ohio, the prime article coming from New York, the poorest Procrustean vehicles euphemistically from Minnesota, North and South Carc-lina. In short, all parts of the United States where the sugar maple grows were ago. We hope the day is 1 of far distant originally its habitat.

The root, the only valuable part of the ginseng, is four or five inches long, and forked. The Indian name for it, "garent about in that ever were invented .oguen," means legs apart. "Ginseng" | Japan Mail. means about the same.

Its flavor is bitter and slight, and neither unpleasant nor delectable. Ginseng grows along the great wall in can is the only other supply, except Japanese. The Chinese think this poor, and will not receive it.

The Chinese ginseng mountains are fenced in by Government, and patrolled by guards. - Chi ag . Times.

Quill toothpicks came from France. consin, Indiana and Ohio.

Arab Children and Their Games. If the little Arabs are heathen, says a

writer in St. Nicho'as, they are at east picturesque. In their colored clothing, with their dusky skins, their black eyes, and their lithe, active bodies, they are very picturesque. But, it must be confessed, they appear best at a distance; for soap is not so fashionable among them as might justly be expected from the people of a country which manufactures the most cleansing soap in the world. In watching the children at play one soon notices that the girls do not always have a good time. Arab boys are not trained to be gentlemanly and courteous to their sisters, altough they treat their elders with a delightful deference and respect. Little girls in the East are never welcome. When a baby is born, if it be a girl "the threshold mourns forty days." So, in taking a glimpse at the amusements of the Arab children, we must be prepared to find that they are chiefly boys' games, in which the girls seldom participate.

A little boy in America asked a person who had lived in Syria if the boys there ever played base ball; and on learning that they did not, he said: "Well, they can't have much fun there." It is very natural for the children of any country to imagine that the children in other countries amuse themselves in the same ways. And the number of games that are in reality universal among children in all countries is really remarkable. For example, the Arab childen often play blind-man's buff (they call it ghummaida) and biz zowaia or pusa in-the-corner, and a gome like "button, button, who has got the button?" (which they play with a pebble,) and owal howah or leapfrog, and gilleh or marbles. But there are other games of which you probably have never heard-such as kurd murboot, shooha joora, taiaya-taia, khatim, and the greatest and most exciting of all games-the national game, it might perhaps be called

Finest Dissecting-Room in the World. The College of Physicians and Surgeous has the finest dissecting-room in the country, if not in the world, says a New York correspondent. It has forty tables. These are of modern design and simple in construction, consisting of an iron frame supported by four iron legs, upon which rests a slab of slate weighing two hundred pounds. An inch from the margin of this slab is a groove half an inch in depth, intended to convey the drippings into an iron receptacle fastened to the head of the table. Five students are assigned to each "cadaver," so that with the forty tables two hundred men are enabled to work at once. Five

able a group of students to dissect it completely within one week. Each student is assigned to work on a specified portion of the "cadaver" by a demonstrator of anatomy, and is required to dissect an entire body during the first year of his course. If he has failed to pass a satisfactory examination he is again subjected to a similar task, until his knowledge of anatomy is

hours a day devoted to a subject will en-

proved. Strange as it may seem, some students acquire a fanatical fondness for this branch of their study, and are never so happy as when in the dissecting-room. Clad in a loose gown of calico, scalpel in hand, they seem to be in their element, laughing and jesting merrily as they divide tendon after tendon, and separate muscle after muscle, in their investigations of the deep and intricate structure of the human frame.

The Talking Dog. fied more funnily, a Paris correspondent knife, worn in a sheath, is the weapon says, than in a case which has just come off in a police court. The keeper of a lose encounter, and off in a police court. off in a police court. The keeper of a many of these murderous weapons are public house told a long story of how a innocently concealed in a sheath which customer came into his place one day looks like a closed fan. Others are worn and asked for a bock, his dog taking a seat beside his master and asking in a strange voice for "a piece of meat" for himself. The other customer, astounded at hearing a dog talk, recommended boniface to buy the animal and to rechristen his place "The Talking Dog." The complainant took the advice, and offered four hundred francs for the dog, done by unknown highbinders who eswho, on hearing the bargain, cried out to his master: "So you sell me, do you? Then I shall not talk any more!" The animal kept his word, and boniface could not get another syllable out of him. At last it dawned upon him that he had been made a fool of, and, happening to meet the vender in the garb of an acrobat at a fair, he gave him in custody.

## Locomotion in Tok o.

The significance of events depends very much on the mood of their interpreters. A few years ago there were nearly sion as to the root, and pronounced it Tokio. Statisticians pointed to such a slmost inert as a drug. almost inert as a drug.

It grows about the wild lands and concluded that the times must be very n the lake States, where the people left ride, and therefore fewer coolies to pull adays, and the same may be said of the when jinrikishas will disappear altogether, though they are certainly one of the most convenient machines for getting

# The Miser and the Bill.

On one of the islands of the Maine coast there lived several years ago a man Chinese Tartary and Corea. The Amerinoted for his miserly disposition. However that may be, he became quite wealthy. One winter, during the session of the Legislature, this person had orcasion to visit Augusta. He stepped into a restaurant for dinner and a spread before him the printed bill of The eyes of the novice opened fare. wide as he quickly added the figures at The largest factory in the world is near the right of the page, indicating prices; Paris, where there is an annual product then, springing to his feet, he indigof 20,000,000 quills. The factory was nantly cried: "What! all this to pay, and started to make quill pens, but when I hain't cat a mouthful yet?" The outthese went out of use it was turned into come we are not told, but on a subsca toothpick mill. Wooden toothpicks quent visit the gentleman carried a pail are made principally in Michigan, Wis- of victuals with him from home. - Lewiston Journal.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

We cannot expect perfection in any one, but we may demand consistency of every one. Think not thy own shadow longer than that of others, nor delight to take

the altitude of thyself. Wickedness may prosper for a while; but, in the long run, he who sets all knaves at work will pay th m.

Friendship improves happiness and abates misery by the doubling of our joy and the dividing of our griefs.

The wise prove, and the foolish con-fess, by their conduct that a life of employment is the only life worth living. Earnestness is the best gift of mental power, and deficiency of heart is the cause of many a man never becoming great.

Certain thoughts are prayers. are moments when, whatever be the at-titude of the body, the soul is on its knees.

The nerve that never relaxes, the ey that never blanches, the thought that never wanders, are the harbingers of victory.

More is felt than is perceived, and more is perceived than can be interpreted, and love climbs higher with it lambent flame than art can pile the fagots. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temp tation and do not weaken and distract

yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not unders and if you saw them. It is not good to be angry even with those who may seem with malicious intent to assail our most cherished beliefs. A few burning weeds may produce smoke enough to hide the stars, but the stars are shining all the same. It is not wise

to vex and weary ourselves by angry de-

nunciations of the smoke which will soon pass off without our labor. The human mind is so constituted that whenever it sees an event it is obliged to infer a cause; also when it sees adaptation, it infers design. It is not necessary to know the end proposed, or who were the agents. We do not know who built Stonehenge, or some of the pyramids, or what they were built for; but no one doubts that they were the result of

design.

The "Highbinders" of San Francisco. Writing from San Francisco about Chinese criminals, a correspondent says: Among the hatchet-men will be found the desperate criminals who have fled from Canton or Hong Kong to escape imprisonment or decapitation, and who live here by organized robbery and tribute. How potent is the system may be judged from the fact that several Chinese interpreters in the Federal and Criminal Courts in this city have resigned lucrative positions because they declared that if they remained death would be the result. Their only offence had been the honest translation of evidence which served to convict some highbinders. In one case an interpreter waited until he had been shot at twice before he concluded to give up his office. The judge offered him a police body guard, but he sadly confessed that no protection would save him from the bullets of his enemy.

The favorite weapons of the highbinder are the pistol and the knife. Nearly every Chinese servant who goes down to Chinatown at night, after his day's work is over, to gambling at tan or dominoes is "heeled" with a pistol, while most of the highbinders are veritable walking arsenals. They select revolvers of heavy calibre, and many of them are no mean sho:s, although, as a rule, many shots are fired in their melees in proportion to Credulity has not often been exempli- the execution done. The two-edged in a leather sheath with brass mountings. A police officer and a liquor seller in Chinatown have been killed with this weapon within three years. One blow in each case was sufficient, for the terrible weapon with its razor-like edge penetrated the heart and evidently caused instant death. In both cases the murder was caped. The Chinese also use a large sword and a small iron bar covered with flannel or leather, when they anticipate a hand-to-hand encounter. They are partial to coats of mail, usually made of quilted cloth, with layers of paper between, which will turn an ordinary bullet or knife blow. One highbinder had a coat made of fine steel bands set in leather, but when he came to don his armor he found it so heavy that he could not run. Hence he was forced to discard what cost him several hundred dollars, and the armor was afterward captured in paratus of vice.

Wealthy Men's Ready Money. "It would be a pleasure to accommodate you, but the simple truth is I haven't \$500 in cash in the world," said a Buffalo Crasus to the financial man of the firm, who was seeking a purchaser for a gilt-edged \$1,300 6 per cent. real estate mortgage. Noticing an expression of incredulity upon the face of his caller, Crasus hastened to add: "It is a common mistake of those having small means to suppose that a millionnaire always has \$50,000 or more at instant command. It is only on rare occasions that most of us see \$25,000 in currency at one time. and for two years I have never once had \$10,000 of my own on hand. The men of great wealth are as a rule men of large business interests. We own blocks, elevators, ships, telegraph, telophone and railroad stocks, suburban tracts and many other kinds of property, but none of these can be converted into cash at an hour's notice. Then, again, most of our real estate is mortgaged, because we are able to use ready money in such a manner as to realize more than 6 per cent. You would be astonished could you learn how large a load of debt some very wealthy Buffalo men are carrying. It is usually the second generation of wealth that buys mortgages, government bonds and other securities which yield a moderate income and require no locking after."-Buffalo Express.

The Consumption of Raisins. The United States is the largest consuming country of raisins in the world, and reliable authorities estimate the consumption at about 2,000,000 boxes of about twenty pounds each, which, at an average of \$2 per box, shows an expenditure of \$4,000,000 per annum for one article in the dried fruit line. The amount referred to represents say 1,000,-000 boxes Valencia, 750,000 boxes California, 200,000 boxes Malaga and 100,000 boxes Smyrna. The crop of the world for the present season is estimated in round numbers at 6,500,000 boxes, about as follows: Valencia, 3,000,000 boxes; Malaga, 600,000; California, 750,-000, and Smyrna, 2,000,000. The shipments of Valencia raisins to the United States to date are 500,000 boxes .-Brooklyn Eugle.

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Coming Glory."

At the Brooklyn Tabernacle the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., announced that next Sabbath he would begin a course of sermons to the women of America, with practical hints for men, the follow-Have to Fight the Battle of Life," "Marriage for Worldly Success, without Reference to Moral Character;" "Is Engagement as Binding as Marriage?" "Women Who Are Already Unconganially Married," "Influences Abroad for the Bestruction of Women," "Wifely Ambition Right and Wrong," "What Kind of Men Women Should Avold," "Simplicity as Opposed to Affectation," "Reformation in Dress," "Plain Women," "The Female Skeptle" and tithesting Hongwifer," and "Christian Housewifery."]

Text: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the thing: which God hath prepared for them that love him."—I. Corinthians, ii., 9.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight. How strange it looks, and how strange it sound Not only is the past year dead but the ce Not only is the past year dead but the century is dying. Only twelve more long breaths and the old giant will have expired. None of the past centuries will be present at the obsequies. Only the Twentieth Contury will see the Nineteenth buried. As all the years are lastening past, and all our lives on earth will soon be ended, I propose to cheer myself and cheer you with the glories to come, which shall utterly eclipse all the glories past; for my text tells us that eve hath not seen nor my text tells us that eye hath not seen nor ear heard anything like the advancing splen-

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor the world beholds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and sat them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the clive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticos and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column, and statue, and temdissipations. Column, and statue, and tem-ple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains, into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving quali-ties. Around these basins, twisted into ties. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beautie of sculpture and architecture; while standof sculpture and architecture, while scalaring, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the corintharii, paced up and down to see that no statute was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-re-lief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns arose, with its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples (1.000 slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered this

Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Faul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning portices and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been moded and shaped until there was no charic. molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the New Jerusalem; and they have calculated how many inhabit ants there are on the carth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate; that after all the nations have been gathered to Heaven, there will be room for each soul—a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be long enough for me. Leng gled to know be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear the dimensions. "Eye hath not see heard." nor arithmetics calculated.

heard," nor arithmetics calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harpstrings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that float now upon the earth are like thos, which floated above Paradisa. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life-long invalid. See her step now, and hear her invalid. See her step now, and hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses—health of vision, health of spirits, immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no inexhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded
men. Health swinging in the air;
health flowing in all the streams;
health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That
child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. That old man that went bowed down with the inold man that went bowed down with the in-firmities of old age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—for ever young again. That night when the needle-woman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years to have neither ache, nor pain, nor weakness for fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark, further, that we can, in this world, get no just idea of the splendors of heaven. John tries to describe them. He heaven. John tries to describe them. He says "the twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John, we see a blaze of amethyst, and pearl, and emerald, and sar donyx, and chrysoprasus, and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea

of glass and a city like the sun.

John bids us look again and we see thrones
thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus—throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory and it is thrones!

John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing; Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of heaven following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation trampling on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Furnal Asia Africa. North and South pensation. Gory in the track and South rope. Asia, Africa, North and South America pressing into line. Islands of the sea, shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the fleed, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory, all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns slung out, and all chimes rung, and all hall-lujahs chanted, and some cry: "Glory to God most high," and some: "Hosanna to the son of David;" and some: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of en-

# dearment and homage in the vocabulary of beaven are exhausted, and there comes up-surge after surge of "amen! amen! and amen!" "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendor of earthly cities and they would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. the city of God. Every house is a paison. Every stop a triumph. Every covering tor the head a coronation. Every meal is a bas-quet. Every stroke from the tower is a wed-

duag bell. Every stroke from the tower is a warding bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye had not seen it, ear hath not heard it." I remark further, we can get no idea on each of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the seas and met a friend, or even across the seas and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled and how glad you were to see him. Who city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been sep-arated. After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say: "How you have changed!" But oh, whon we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exuitation we cannot now imagine: "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is goodby: goodby. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail car window, and at the steamboat wharf car window, and at the steamboat wharf-goodby. Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way
-"goodby:" and sometimes with anguish in
which the soul breaks down. Goodby! Ah,
that is the word that ends the thanksgiving
banquet; that is the word that comes in to banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmaschant. Goodby; goodby. But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but, no goodby. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem—little hands to take hold in the great home circle—little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two croups—a group this side of the river two groups—a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river. and a group on the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone forever. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place? If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan down! An, my friends, the waves of Jordan roars of hoarsely, we cannot hear the joy on the other side when that group is augmented. It is graves here, and coffins and hearses here. A little child's mother had died, and they cem'orted her. They said: "Your mother ccm'orted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to maven—don't cry," and the next day they went to the graveyard and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground; and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and, looking down at the body of her mother, said: "Is this heaven." Oh, we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here—it is darkness here—but there is merrymaking yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel akes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn

that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus." "I of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus." "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying boy; "I am going to see Jesus." The missionery said: "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh! yes; that's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose Jesus should go away from heaven —what than?" "I should follow Him?" and "suppose Jesus shoula go away from heaven—what then?" "I should follow Him," sa'd the dying boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment, and then said: "Where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh! to stand in His presence! That will be heaven! Oh! to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for men the growth of a green will the our nand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross—to go around amid the groupe of the redeemed, and shake hands with the prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion; we cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say: "Is it wall with the child! Is it well with the loved once!" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the water. None! none! Unbelief same they are dead, and they are annihilated, but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and we find they are neither dead nor annihilated—that they never were so much alive as now—that how nover were so much alive as now they are only waiting for our coming, and that we will join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion! we cannot grasp it now. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear grasp it now. Eye hath not seen, in heard, neither have entered into the h

heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Oh, what a place of explanation it will be!

I see every day profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and laine, asylums for the idiotic and insana, almshouses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than hunan solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that comes from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illuminated as plainly as though the answer were written plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind; and Lazarus, that he was covered with sores; and Joseph, that he was cast into the pic; and Daniel, that he denned with the lions; and Paul, that he was humpbacked; and David that he was driven from Jerusalem; and that invalid, that for twenty years be could not lift his head from the pillow; he could not lift his head from the pillow; and that widow, that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. The song will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies. But we can get no idea of the authem here. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiriting to me than a whole congregation lifted on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now—by voices that were aged and broken in the music—voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear these old songs sung it seems as if all the old country meeting homes joined in the chorus, and city church and sailors' bethel and western cabin, until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time to the music. Away, then, with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is marching on to victory. When generals come back from victorious wars, don't we cheer them and shout "Huzza! huzza!" and when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth, shall we not have for him one loud, and that widow, that she had such hard work when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth, shall we not have for him one loud, ringing cheer?

All hall the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal dia lem, And crown him Lord of all."

Bring forth the tofartate And crown him Lord of al!."

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven? They all know the tune there. All the best singers of all the ages will join it—choirs of white robed children, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of apostles. Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God, roll on! roll on!—other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are all full and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the truntage and the same processes redeemed will be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trum-pet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her match-less voices. I wish we could anticipate that song. I

I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in our closing hymn to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows that but when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven, it might meet half way a song coming up from earth. song coming up from earth.

song coming up from earth.

They rise for the doxology, all the multitude of the blest! Let us rise with them; and so at this hour the joys of the church on earth and the joys of the church in heaven will mingle their chalices, and the dark apparel of our morning will seem to whiten into the spotless raiment of the skies. God grant through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ we may all get there.

Queen Christina has signed a decree regulat-ing the manufacture and importation of alcohols into Spain, and prohibiting the manufacture and sale of impure alcohols for drinking purposes.

# TEMPERANCE.

The Rumseller's Prey.

The rumseller stands at his counter and deals Out his thief of the brain, and through it he steals From his victims the strength of their reason And while they can stagger, he sells to them So long as their money drops into his till.

With the coil of a serpent his victims he holds, And tighter and tighter he fastens the folds Of a pituless passion that crushes the bones; And he hard as his heart at the sound of their groans, Because there's a hint of hard cash in the

He thinks of the wife who is sad and forlorn. He knows that her garments are faded and worn; He thinks of the children that blush to be seen, He knows they are wretched because he is

But, oh, he is fatter because they are lean. He thinks of the scalding hot tears they have shed, He knows they have reason to wish they

were dead;
Because, by the devil's most deadly device,
The husband and father is held in a vise, That he may have pleasure wnile they pay the price.

He knows that his traffic makes paupers and thieves, Yet the price of their ruin he coolly receives; Then turns them adrift for his neighbors to feed.

feed,
And to carry the cost of each criminal deed,
Until all feel the grip of his terrible greed.

A Few First Principies

A Few First Principles.

1. Prohibitory law has relation to the liquor traffic. From time immemorial the right of law to regulate, restrain or forbid a traffic has been exercised. Our tariff laws are based on that right. Allembargoes are a recognition of the right. The laws relating to the traffic in poisons, in explosives, in tainted or adulterated foods, and all Sunday laws are necessary declaration that law has

to the traffic in poisons, in explosives, in tainted or adulterated foods, and all Sunday laws are an express declaration that law has the right to interfere with a traffic which en dangers society's welfare, and to whatever degree is necessary for the public safety.

2. The evils of intemperance are not confined to the drinker. Grant that the drunkard is responsible for his own degradation any misery; that his drinking is a voluntary act, and his punishment the penalty of nature—granting all that, there remains the fact that the traffic in liquors is a source of in numerable evils and dangers to society at large, which includes all innocent members as well as the guilty ones, and of vast burdens upon all taxpayers. All law owes a debt of protection to the weak—the women and children—when they are powerless to protect themselves. The saloon is a menace to the health and lives of these weaker members of society from which they are powerless adequately to protect themselves. Taeir right to legal protection is recognized, therefore, society from which they are poweriess are quately to protect themselves. Their right to legal protection is recognized, therefore, by the law that makes drunkenness a crime, and sales to drunkards and minors a crime, but these laws, while they recognize that right, are proven wholly inadequate to pro-tect it.

3. When personal liberty infringes on personal rights it must be curtailed. All law every statute framed from the days of Sinai down, is based on the truth behind the proposition. It is impossible to grant the right of personal liberty without assailing the very foundation of law, for all law is a curtailment of some man's personal liberty in behalf of some other man's personal rights. Personal liberty means anarchy—the abrogation of all law. No one has a personal right to do what infringes on another man's personal rights. infringes on another man's personal rights. A man may, with some show of reason, claim a man may, with some snow of reason, claim the right to gratify his private appetite for drink in a way that interferes with no one else. But he cannot claim as his right, for the sake of his private gratification, that law shall leading and telepate a public that sake of nis private gratineation, that have shall legalize and tolerate a public traffic that inflicts on others inestimable wrong. He may like tainted meat, and, if it agrees with him, he may reasonably claim the right to eat it; but when he claims, as a right, that the law shall legalize and uphold the sale of the tainted meat in a public mart, for the sake of his appetite, he is going too far. Yet the wine drinkers of our day are committing this

absurdity continually.
4. No law forbids an act for the sake of the man who wants to commit it, but for the sake of the man who would be wronged thereby. The idea that a prohibitory law is for the purpose of saving the man who drinks wrong idea. is an entirely wrong mee. It is purpose it is protect the innocent victims of his drinking. The law against theft does not have in view the salvation of the would-be thief, but the ptofection of others in their property rights. So of all laws against vice. Their object is not to keep men from the commission of sin, but to protect others from the consequences that would come from such commission.

that would come from such commission. Here is an important distinction between the province of law and the province of the Gospel. The Gospel's aim is to prevent the commission of vice primarily for the sake of the man who is impelled to its commission.

5. The saloon is not only an effect, but a cause The very first thing it does is to present inducements to vice. It is a continual sent inducements to vice. It is a continual temptation. It is not merely a scavenger temptation. It is not merely a scavenger (as has been said), removing the weak, vicious and corrupt elements from society, but it is itself the cause and creator, in very large degree, of their weakness, viciousness and corruption. It takes the boy without a taste for liquor, and by its insidious attractions plants the seeds of an appetite that finally masters his wil, deadens his affections and stifles his conscience. It is more than a conduit of evil; it is a fountain as well, and out of it come vice, crime, disable the appearance in an analysis in an it is in the second of the control as well, and out of it come vice, crime, dis-order, pauperism, insanity, idiocy, diseases, and political corruption that defeats justice, makes law a farce, debauches public con-science and threatens every institution founded on the intelligence and virtue of the

In view of these considerations, the moral right as well as the legal right of prohibitory law seems to us as unassailable and as obvious as that of any law ever put on the statute as that of any law ever put on the statute books. It is in no proper sense a revolution, but an evolution instead. Every court in the nation before which the question has come, including the Supreme Court of the United States, has decided in favor of the right of the State to protect itself by a prohibitory law. By the highest authority in the land, therefore, it is decided not to be an invasion of the "inalienable rights" guaranteed by the Federal Constitution. On the contrary, it is an absolute necessity to the protection of an absolute necessity to the protection of those right.—The Voice.

Temperance Lecture in a Few Lines.

The New York Sun gives a temperance lecture in a few lines, in a recent issue. The lecture is brief, and the lines are so few that they might be cut out by many a young man of bright prospects and pasted in the inside of

of bright prospects and pasted in the instal of his watch case. Here they are:
"Whisky sometimes gets the best of those who too recklessly play with it. This is the case with Mr. John J. Wilson, a lawyer, who recently walked into Justice Kildredth's court room at the Tombs and desired to be committed for contempt for so doing. When the Justice asked Mr. Wilson it he desired to be committed be said. committed, he said:
"Yes, I want to be kept away from liquor.

It has been my ruin.'
"It is not easy to deliver a more eloquent and pathetic temperance lecture than this.

And after the poor victim has been confined in prison for a month the appetite for drink will control him as effectually as before he was locked up.

A Duty for Americans.

The Pull Mall Gazette says: "The attention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the United States should be turned without delay to the statement made by Lord Onslow in the House of Lords. Lord Onslow said the attempt to establish an international compact prohibiting the sale of strong drink to the South Sea Islanders had broken down, owing to the refusal of the broken down, owing to the refusal of the United States Gevernment to enter into the agreement. Our Government, therefore, reactantly abandoned the attempt, but themselves ready to renew it the moment the American Government showed a disposition to remove its interdiction on a Maine Law Pacific. Clearly this is a case in which all the temperance people in the States should be set to work at once to bring the Government at Washington to a due sense of the enormity of its attitude in the South-

A temperance movement has been in-augurated in Hartford, Conn., which promises to effect a great reduction in the number of drinking places in that city. The manufac-turers and workingmen have united in petitioning the County Commissioners against licensing the liquor dealers in the vicinity of the factories. Fully \$200,000 capital and two hundred workingmen are interested in the

### RELIGIOUS READING.

One of These Days. One of these days it will all be over, Sorrow and laughter, and loss and gain, Meetings and partings of friend and lover, Joy that was ever so edged with pain. One of these days will our hands be folded. One of these days will the work be done. Finished the patterns our lives have moulded Finished the patterns our lives in Ended our labors beneath the sun.

One of these days will the heart-ache leave One of these days will the burden drop; One of these days will the bursen drop;
Never again shall a hope deceive us,
Never again will our progress stop;
Freed from the blight of the vain endeavor,
Winged with the health of immortal life,
One of these days we shall quit forever
And that is vexing in earthly strife,

One of these days we shall know the reason Haply, of much that perplexes now; One of these days, in the Lord's good season

Light of his peace shall adorn the brow. Blessed, though out of tribulation Lifted to dwell in His son-bright smile, Happy to share in the greatest salvation.
Well may we tarry a little while.

He was a graduate of Princeton and only twenty-eight when he died, yet he did work that any man might envy. He got hold of the idea that there was some hing in this doctrine of the enduement of the Spirit. Studying this subject, he became perfectly sure that the Holy Ghost might come upon him as upon the original disciples. So he prayed, and his prayers were answered. Whenever he went out he stirred all with wom he come in contact. Sinners used to fall before his preaching as grass before the scythe. It was spontaneous. He could not help speaking to men and his words were mighty. There is one very beautiful incident in his life. One day he was out driving and he drew his horse up to a watering-trough. It so happened that another young man was doing the same thing. While the horses' heads met in the trough, he turned to the young man and said, "I hope you love the Lord. If you don't I want to commend him to you as your best friend. Seek him with all your heart." That was all; they turned and went their ways. But what was the result? The young men thus spoken to was converted, was educated for the ministry and went as a missionary to Africa. Said this missionary afterwards: "Over and over again I wished I knew who that man was who spoke to me at the wateringtrough. But I never knew till some one sent to me in Africa a box of books. I opened them saw a little black-covered book, opened it, turned to the title page, and there I saw a portrait—a beautiful face. 'Ah,' said I that is the man, That is the man who preached the gospel to me at the watering trough; to him I owe my salvation,'" And that of how James Brainard Taylon is the man. That is the man who preached the gospel to me at the watering trough; to him I owe my salvation," And that of how many more on the dark continent. What we want today is to be filled with the Spirit. We are filled with so many other thingspride, selfishness, ambition and vain glory. May the Lord enable us to empty our hearts and have them filled as by a mighty rushing wind,—Dr. A. J. Gordon.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." These were the last words of our Lord's last discourse; and ever after we feel their power in the actions, the bearing, and the words of His servants. They wrestle against the world and principalities and powers, but as men who are on the conquering side, and who know that their Lord has aiready overcome these enemies, and triumphed over ers, but as men who are on the conquering suc, and who know that their Lord has already overcome these enemies, and triumphed over them in the cross. Therefore they also are "more than conquerors through Him that loved them," and they record their conviction that "whatsover is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even [their] faith." In the Apocalypse this spirit is still more distinctly felt; for there the virtual victory becomes a visible victory, both for the Lord and his people. Every promise in the seven epistles is addressed to "him that overcometh;" and the last epistle unites the victory of the servant with the victory of the Lord: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne; even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father on His throne." When the prophetic visions are to commence, the opening of the book is represented as the result of victory. The first vision represents one who goes forth conquering and to sents one who goes forth conquering and to conquer; and then, through all the changes of the confict. conquer; and then, through all the changes of the conflict, we have the anticipations and presages of final victory. We are told of those "who overcome by the blood of the Lamb;" we hear their shout of triumph, and see the palms in their hands; until in the last crisis the conquering armies of. Heaven see the paints in their names; until in the last-crisis the conquering armies of Heaven swi-ep into sight, following the victor who has "on His vesture and on His thigh a name-written, King of kings, and Lord of lords."— [From Bernard's "Progress of Doctrine."

# Prevailing Prayer.

The value of prayer cannot be overestimated. That we are invited to make our wants known, and that the ear of our heavenly Father is open to our cry, is beyond question. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied, that in every circumstance in life the Lord knows infinitely better than we do whether it will be for our best interest that our prayers should be answere!, or not. To whether it will be for our best interest that our prayers should be answered, or not. To say that we can see clearly enough, and that we know as well, or better than the Lord, is to display conceit, ignorance, and presumption. No man has infinite wisdom, or infinite knowledge, but the Lord has both. Hence, it is both wise and prudent that every prayer for temporal things should terminate with the phrase, "Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done."

It cannot be denied, this spirit will strangely modify our prayers, and will utterly destroy the erroneous and absurd idea, that the Lord will give us anything we ask for on the simple condition that we believe He will. No intelligent Christian could reflect upon this idea for one moment and then

fie will. No intelligent Christian could reflect upon this idea for one moment and then desire that it should be realized in his experience. It would be presumptuously taking his case out of the hands of his infinitely loving Father, and choosing to shape his own destiny. He could not wish to direct the Lord and instruct Him what He should do. but, on the contrary what He should do, but, on the contrary would himself be directed by the Lord. He would himself be directed by the Lord. The who expects the Lord to wait his bidding, reverses the order of the divine government. In that case a poor worm of the earth taken the reins of government, and makes a ser-

the reins of government, and makes a servant of the Creator.

In every prayer for any conceivable earthly object, the idea should be prominent that infinite wisdom alone can determine whether the thing asked for is really desirable, or not, and it is the part of wisdom in man to leave the decision, in every case, to Him who alone knows all things.

No human being can know whether for him wealth is more desirable than poverty; or health is better than sickness. If the providence of God leads either to the furnace of fire, or to the den of lions, or to honors and emoluments; wherever it leads is the and emoluments; wherever it leads is the best place in the world for a man to be, and it would not be wise in God to change that through not be wise in God to change that which is not best, at the dictation or solicitation of His creatures; and it is not an act of wisdom in any one to ask the Lord to do it. Even a superficial investigation will be sufficient to satisfy any unprejudiced mind that it would be neither right, nor reasonable, nor Scriptural, for the Lord to give us anything we ask of him simply because we believe He will, and the sooner the idea is discarded the better it will be for us all. Such an idea is subversive of good government. It makes the Lord of heaven and earth subject to the whims and caprices of poor, ignorant, fallen whims and caprices of poor, ignorant, fallen men, and it is as unreasonable as it is unscriptural.

The longer I live, the more highly do I esti-mate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful I feel towards those who impress its importance on the community. -[Webster.

Temperance News and Notes. Dr. A. T. Schofield, of London, compares the moderate drinking of stimulants to sail-ing on the outer circle of a whirlpool, a somewhat exciting, but not a wise proceeding.

Prohibition sentiment is very strong in Colorado. Peublo, the second city in the State, has an anti-adoon government, and many smaller towns have local option in full

Among the inscription at the base of the Among the inscription at the base of the drinking-fountain at Stratford-on-Avon, presented by George W. Childs, of Philadelphis, in honor of the Queen's Jubilee, is the following from Shakespeare: "Honost water, which ne'er left man in the mire."—Timon of Athens.